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Communism and the Worker-Priests

—Gunnar D. Kumlien

THE

Commonweal

South Africa:

Fear and Diamonds

by D. C. Johnstone

The Man Who Played the Fool

by Mrs. George Norman

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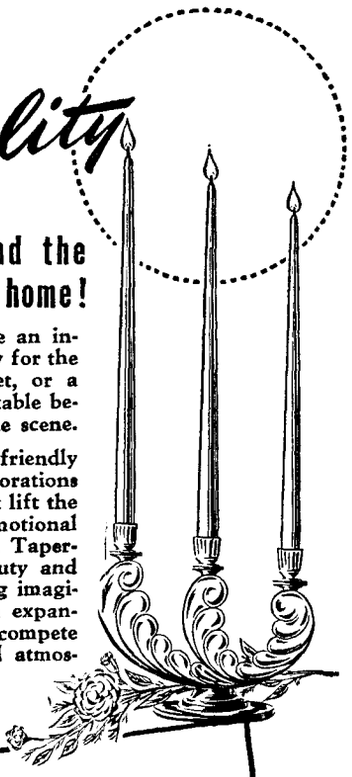

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THIS WEEK

Week by Week 595

Diamonds and Fear
by D. C. Johnstone 599

Communism and the Worker-Priests
by Gunnar D. Kumlien 602

The Screen
by Philip T. Hartung 604

Communications 605

Of Note 606

As Mr. Wingleft Sees It
by John Cogley 608

The Man Who Played the Fool
by Mrs. George Norman 609

Books 612

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The Commonweal

week by week

THE FEARS OF FRANCOIS MAURIAC

THE March 8 issue of *Look* magazine carries an article by Francois Mauriac entitled "Why No American Can Be Elected Pope." Introducing the piece, *Look's* editors quote M. Mauriac's observation: "A work which troubles or causes disquiet should not be condemned for that alone." With this observation The Commonweal obviously agrees. We would defend M. Mauriac against anyone who might condemn his right to argue that, in the present world situation, the election of an American Pope would be an unfortunate thing for the Church.

Nevertheless, M. Mauriac's article troubles and disquiets us very much indeed—not because of the French author's opinion but because of the reasons he gives for holding it. These read like a catalogue of the most shocking, most primitive prejudices of a nationalistic mind. And our dismay at seeing these prejudices publicly advanced by M. Mauriac is increased by the respect we feel for him as one of the very great artists of this century. All of us are in his debt for the contributions he has made to Catholic letters. The more appalling, then, are the anti-American bias and European chauvinism he now reveals.

"Whether the next Pope can be an American is no problem for a Catholic," M. Mauriac states at the beginning of his article. "Why *shouldn't* he be? 'The Spirit breatheth where He will. . . .' and I have never doubted the fervor and grace which animate the Church in America." This is certainly an obvious, unexceptionable sentiment, and, having stated it, we might expect M. Mauriac to end the matter there. We soon find, however, that although the question of an American Pope is "no problem for a Catholic" it is, strangely, a problem for M. Mauriac.

In fact, M. Mauriac's article suggests a kind of schizophrenia, a battle between faith and fear which is never quite resolved. "The Spirit breatheth where He will," the French novelist affirms, and he assures his readers that, whatever may be the nationality of the next Pope, "we Catholics will forget his origin. He will be reborn. We will see in him only the person of the Vicar of Christ." But, M. Mauriac continues, "just imagine Francis Cardinal Spellman, whom I admire, charged with the spiritual and temporal destinies of Christianity! For the Church, there can be no doubt that this would be the beginning of its darkest history since the time of Philip the Fair."

Still later M. Mauriac asks: "An American Pope?" and he answers that, were there one, "the Vatican could not help but be directly associated with the White House, and hence would become the adversary of all those on earth who (and I'm not thinking only of the Communists) resent the American will for power and who resist it secretly."

AH, there's the rub. It's "the American will for power" that M. Mauriac fears, and it is this fear that betrays him, through two-thirds of his article, into forgetting that tender trust in the Holy Spirit's guidance of the Church which he professes in the other third. One's end impression is that M. Mauriac believes that God will take care of His Church, but fears that in the event of an American Pope even God would have a terribly difficult time.

For example, M. Mauriac thinks that "the desire of some Americans to present the Church with a Pope undoubtedly stems from a feeling of superiority. . . . This aspiration *must* have been born from the will for power. In its lowest form, it is tied to the idea of universal domination because of the dollar's pre-eminence over all other currencies; in its sublimest form, it is inspired by the belief that the U. S. has a special right to spiritual power because of her pre-eminence in the free world's battle against atheistic Marxism."

With cosmic condescension M. Mauriac then tells us he realizes "that an American Pope would become aware of his obligation to the Universal Church as soon as he assumed his duties," but

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soon fear again overtakes M. Mauriac and he argues that "there is not a single man among American Catholics capable of escaping from the contingencies of politics and of seeking only the Kingdom of God and His justice."

Why does this great French novelist believe that there is not a single American Catholic who can do this? Because, he tells us, he has "succumbed to the temptation" of equating all the American clergy with "a single type of bishop, personified by Cardinal Spellman," who "throughout the world . . . . openly serves the policy of his country." (M. Mauriac, at this point, assures us once again that Cardinal Spellman is ". . . respected and admired by us." And we, at this point, must wonder who will protect the Cardinal Archbishop of New York from such admirers.)

We do not intend to argue with M. Mauriac in The Commonweal. The nature of his attack is its own best refutation. His idea of the monolithic character of the American Church and his thumbnail characterizations of one prelate (whom, one suspects, he does not admire quite as much as he protests he does) are too simple-minded to permit serious comment. Though we have no idea of the identity of those Americans who, in M. Mauriac's view, clamor for an American Pope, we think his assertion that their desire for such a Pope *must* be born from the will for power is really too absurd. If the novelist's art had taught M. Mauriac nothing else, it should have taught him the folly of assigning such arbitrary motivation to the complexities of human desire. And we had not expected, from M. Mauriac at least, empty clichés about "the dollar's pre-eminence" in a discussion of the welfare of the Church. Surely this French Catholic does not *really* believe American Catholics so inferior, so lost to the refinements of the European Church, that they think of the triumph of God's kingdom in terms of the U. S. Treasury—or even of the U. S. State Department.

There are, we think, sound reasons for thinking that the election of an American Pope might be unfortunate at this time, but they have nothing to do with United States diplomacy. We have, on occasion, differed with individual members of the American hierarchy on certain temporal questions—on issues of domestic politics or foreign policy—but we do not think any American bishop need await election to the See of Peter before realizing his "obligations to the Universal Church." Above all, we feel that thinly-veiled indictments of a nation's entire hierarchy come with incredible arrogance from any Catholic writing in a mass-circulation secular magazine.

No, one major reason why the election of an American Pope might be unfortunate is that too many people could not forget their anti-American prejudices and see in him the universal father of Christendom. Too many people would insist, because of their own nationalistic bias, that an American Pope was somehow tied to the White House. They would fear an American Pope for the same dark reasons that some American Protestants fear a Catholic President. And this would cause needless sorrow and dissension in the Church. In short, one major reason why the election of an American Pope might be unfortunate at this point in history is that there are, alas, too many people like the Francois Mauriac of *Look* magazine.

NEXT WEEK

FATHER F. H. DRINKWATER writes about the morality of recourse to atomic-hydrogen weapons.

"The imminent prospect of universal destruction has now penetrated the imagination even of many 'practical' men, rulers, diplomats and soldiers, though they do not necessarily draw the right conclusions; nor necessarily any conclusions. . . . What practical steps can we take to prevent or delay final catastrophe, and so perhaps get through the danger period into a time of sanity beyond? Is there anything that *we* can do to improve the immediate chances of survival for civilized man?"

MINISTRY OF FEAR

THE news that two Americans beat their breasts in self-accusation on returning to the free world from a Peiping prison leads many compatriots to infer that they are victims of severe torture. Perhaps they are. Only in the past few days has a British white paper exposed in horrifying detail the suffering inflicted on nine hundred individual prisoners by the Communist Chinese.

Extreme physical torture is hardly an invention of the Chinese Communists. "Brain-washing," however, appears to be largely of their own devising; when welded to Communism it proves a terrifying weapon.

Take, for instance, the experiences of Father Bonnichon, S.J., in a Shanghai prison from June 1953 until April 1954—which he relates in an extraordinary two-part article in the January and February issues of *The Month*. Father Bonnichon is not one to complain of his own privations but

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he does not indicate that many of his cell-mates have been subjected to outright torture.

They suffer acutely one and all from rude privation. Food, clothing, bedding and protection from cold and heat are woefully inadequate. There is barely space to sleep on the cell's wood floor. Piercing whistles awaken them at 5:30 every day; despite malnutrition and fatigue an hour's exercise is required each morning.

All this serves as a pervasive background of a pressure and a discipline aimed at destroying the ultimate fibers of individual resistance. Each prisoner is known and designated only as a number. He must always bow and walk bent over—or on certain occasions kneel—when in the presence of the prison authorities. He receives no visits or letters from anyone or news from the outside world. He must sit in silence on the bare floor for hours at a time meditating daily on his "guilt."

Every cell has its leader, its informer and its chairman of political discussion, tools of the regime. In this Shanghai prison "political discussions" last from two and one-half to six hours a day. Each prisoner also has individual sessions of varying length with a prison "judge" and a prison "political instructor."

Each prisoner is expected to go to the most extreme lengths in beating his own breast and praising the benevolence of the Chinese Communist regime. He has continually to bemoan his unworthiness and the sincerity of his determination to reform. He is expected to supply the names of all his former "accomplices" and also to denounce everyone he believes to be reactionaries. He knows that he is helpless, that his family and friends are in peril of their lives. Moreover he is vainly led to believe that model submissiveness will lead to his speedy release, while the most loyal few are singled out to receive from their families twice a month some soap, clothing and toilet paper.

In many cases, therefore, extreme individual physical or mental torture is not required to make "re-education" wholehearted and complete after months of this fearful daily round. The Chinese Communists do appear to have improved on the instruments by which despots of all stripes have crushed and depersonalized human beings.

POLITICS AND TAXES

ANY discussion of taxes should open with the statement that taxes and politics are inseparable—as inseparable, to borrow a phrase from an unknown genius, as Damon and Runyon. Once this fact is admitted, President Eisenhower's blast at the Democrats for their proposal to cut $20 per dependent from income taxes can be viewed in its proper context, as can Speaker Rayburn's equally angry retort.

The truth is that Democrats and Republicans alike have been planning to dangle tax cuts before the eyes of the voters in 1956, and each side is determined not to let the other get the credit. Last year the Eisenhower Administration backed a tax revision which largely helped corporations and upper-income groups. This year the Democrats beat them to the draw by coming out for a heavy tax cut which will be most beneficial to lower-income groups.

We believe in a graduated tax system that places the major burden of taxation on those best able to pay. On principle, we favor any modification of the tax structure that will benefit those who comprise the lowest economic one-quarter of the nation. We normally favor any change in the tax structure that would help family life in this country, and therefore we would favor in principle raising the exemption for dependents from the present $600 figure. Not every legislative proposal aimed at one of these goals is practical, it is true. There are periods when the time is just not ripe for such proposals. But—and this is a big but—the principle that the tax structure should favor the family in general and the poor in particular is so important that in such cases it seems to us the burden of proof rests on those who oppose such cuts.

So we would normally argue. But the times are not normal, and in this matter of taxes we think Democrats and Republicans alike have been guilty of irresponsibility. U. S. military strength has already been sharply cut—in our opinion, beyond the danger point. The international situation is grave. There is strong possibility that we may be involved in a shooting war in a matter of months. Civil defense is urgently needed. If any help can be given next year to lower-income groups, it should be done. But relief should come from revision of the tax structure, perhaps by eliminating the Republican cuts of last year or by continuing indefinitely the corporation and excise taxes scheduled to die next year. It should not come from any general reduction in revenue from taxes.

On sober appraisal of the situation, it seems to us there are more arguments on behalf of raising taxes than there are for lowering them. People may say this course is political suicide. Possibly so, but Republicans and Democrats alike should remember that there is more than one way to commit suicide.

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TECHNOLOGICAL EFFICIENCIES

IN order to maintain and, if possible, improve their position in a competitive world American manufacturers are under compulsion ever to increase output per man-hour. The economies in time and labor that electronic computers and "brains" have begun to demonstrate are to be followed by further marvels when atomic energy is harnessed for industrial purposes. The ten-fold increase in output per man recently achieved in the Ford plant in Cleveland through electronic devices, is highly symptomatic.

It means great numbers will lose their jobs at a time of decreasing defense expenditures, while the nation's labor force is increasing at the rate of three-quarters of a million a year. Unemployment will inevitably cut down the demand for the products American industry is able to turn out in ever greater numbers.

Hence as our business leaders continue to improve their production methods, they will be forced to lean more and more on government for the maintenance of the mass purchasing power they require. For the schools, hospitals, low-cost homes and roads that are needed, and which would provide some employment, require State aid. Are considerable changes in political philosophy therefore in the offing?

INSTRUMENT OR ABSOLUTE

BRITAIN has published a white paper on defense in which priorities are rearranged: the first mission of the British armed forces is now to deter attack by means of a British strategic bomber force armed with atomic bombs—and with Britain's new hydrogen bomb. The principle is the dismaying yet persuasive one which has been the justification for our own Strategic Air Command: only the guarantee of immensely destructive retaliation can be depended upon to deter the Soviets from surprise nuclear attack.

The second priority of the British plan is the winning of the cold war—and its fits of Korean and Malayan heat. Third is maintaining the conventional war machine of Great Britain.

The announcement that the United Kingdom was making its own hydrogen bomb was calmly received. But the arrangement of defense priorities, coupled with the development of the British hydrogen bomb, points up a disconcerting fact. For what might be called mechanical reasons, conventional and nuclear military forces tend to be mutually exclusive; and the emergence of this split between the two calls into question certain questions about war itself.

An army which has conventional equipment and plans to fight a conventional, high-explosive war, has a supply train back to the factory. It is like the fist at the end of a nation's arm. But nuclear weapons, even if used only on the battlefield, can break that arm, leaving the fist numb and powerless. Railway lines, ports and convoys at sea are prime targets for tactical nuclear weapons.

The American and other NATO armies are attempting to meet this challenge by reorganizing into units which are as self-sufficient as possible. The idea is to have divisions without a "tail"—divisions which can move deep into enemy territory and defend themselves by mobility and dispersal, and be supplied from the air.

Artillery, as Brigadier General Thomas R. Phillips explains in *The Reporter,* furnishes an excellent example of the fundamental changes which result from this reorganization. An army's artillery requires enormous supplies of ammunition, and ammunition is heavy and bulky. The new self-sufficient army would therefore depend on the plentiful tactical nuclear weapons, delivered by air forces, to do the job its heavy artillery used to do. It would keep only its light guns, and would even replace some of them with the big mortars, which can be dismantled. In short, nuclear war would force the army into a kind of highly-developed guerrilla operation — and guerrillas have little use for heavy equipment.

So suppose that artillery is largely done away with. The ammunition pipeline from factory to front is emptied. If war comes, the army *must* use nuclear weapons. It has no other way to fight.

This is what is happening to our military forces today. Now it would be madness to ignore the new weapons and pretend that the enemy will not use them. But to reorganize our forces in so inflexible—if economical—a way as to compel ourselves to resort to nuclear arms is to abandon a principle to which in the past we have paid at least lip service. Clausewitz said that war is an extension of politics. That view is in opposition to the MacArthurian argument that there is no substitute for victory. Politics cannot deal in unconditional surrenders.

To reorganize our forces in a way that makes non-nuclear war *impractical* serves to make the ultimate nuclear war more likely, but there is a more immediate argument against it: it takes war out of the realm of practical political instruments, and it does this at a time when Communist intransigeance is eliminating, one by one, the other instruments available to us.

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SOUTH AFRICA

Diamonds and Fear

THE AFRIKANDER, UNSEEING, UNCOMPREHENDING, HOLDS IN HIS HANDS THE FUTURE OF CIVILIZATION IN AFRICA

D. C. JOHNSTONE

THE Union of South Africa is a fair and fabulous country of diamonds and gold mines, with fine modern cities such as Johannesburg, Cape Town and Durban which contrast vividly with the unending sweep of the veld and scarcely known bush country. In view of the recent selection of J. G. Strydom as Prime Minister, South Africa today faces the greatest crisis in the forty odd years since the Union was formed.

Under the surface of the remarkable, progressive prosperity of this land of youth and promise lies, not only gold and precious stones, but a substance as charged with danger as any atomic explosive; the problem of Race. Here nearly ten million Blacks are ruled by two and one-half million Whites, who are themselves divided in the hostility of their different origins, Dutch and British. The declared intention of Mr. Strydom's Nationalist Party to secede from the British Crown causes bitter dissension between the Afrikander, as the Whites of Dutch origin call themselves, and their white co-partners of British ancestry. But it is because of the Nationalists' policy of complete Apartheid, the segregation of all colored people, that their rise to power creates consternation among those with any knowledge of Africa.

Not only South Africa but possibly the whole vast continent stands today before the Gates of Destiny, the keys of which are held by Mr. Strydom. These could open to a glorious future of progressive endeavor, but in the implement of Apartheid they may prove to be the Gates of Hell, leading to a conflagration of hate and bloody revenge. In its atavistic urge to savagery, such an outbreak could not only engulf the Union of South Africa but sweep through the whole continent, utterly destroying a century of civilizing.

Few believe that consideration of such dire consequences will deter Strydom. Apart from his own avowed intent, his party and particularly the young Afrikanders, who are his main support, will almost certainly insist on the enforcement both of secession from the Crown and of Apartheid. Perhaps the best that can be hoped for is that, like many before him, responsibility may sober him, if not to compromise, at least to slow his efforts to achieve his goal.

Fifty years ago, the bitter struggle between the British and the Boers roused strong passions all over Europe and in America. To the modern generation it is an insignificant, almost forgotten episode in the museum of yesterday's events. But to understand the tragic situation in South Africa today it is essential to know something of that struggle and of the character of these quite remarkable people, the Afrikanders.

JOHANNES Gerhardus Strydom, now called upon to guide the destiny of his country in its most momentous hour since the Union of South African Provinces was formed in 1910, is truly illustrative of his people. Born sixty-one years ago in the Cape Province, he was a successful cattle farmer in the Transvaal before taking up politics, and it is with that Province, the nerve center of Afrikandia, that he is politically identified.

Confessedly dedicated to the dogma of the supremacy of the white man in South Africa as well as to Apartheid for the colored people, Strydom is suspected by the English-speaking South Africans of defining the first dogma as applicable exclusively to the Afrikander. Whether he will fulfill these suspicions, at the risk of bitter conflict between the two white communities and a disastrous setback to the progress and prosperity of the country, is a question.

Strong convictions, particularly if rooted in religion, often tend to bigotry and fanaticism. The Afrikander is bone and blood Calvinist, and Strydom is the chosen leader, particularly of the younger generation of Afrikanders, precisely because he is the embodiment of their own absolute certitude in the righteousness of their cause and the infallibility of their claims. Herein lies the tragedy—the tragedy of a people virile, intelligent, resourceful and most likable and, perhaps, of a country to which their courage and enterprise have contributed so enormously but which by their intransigence they may yet destroy.

Dutch and French Huguenot by origin, the Afri-

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kanders combine the narrow chauvinism and the shrewd wit of the French with the inelasticity, tough pertinacity and independence of the Dutch. They settled in the Cape Province over three hundred years ago, and long before the English arrived they had already transformed a wilderness populated by Hottentots and infested by wild animals into a province of abundance, cultivating fruit and vegetables, laying out vineyards, and building one-story houses of incomparable dignity and grace. Two hundred years later, their inherent love of freedom chafed under British administration which was by then established in the Cape. Deaf to any kind of compromise, the Afrikanders migrated wholesale from this land they had made fertile. With a dour courage rarely equalled in history, men, women and children trekked thousands of miles in ox-drawn wagons across land then almost unknown to the white man, exposed to the fierce African sun and fiercer storms as well as to attack by armed savages.

The Afrikanders have since the earliest days of their settlement been acutely aware of their numerical inferiority to the natives. Since the fall of Napoleon, when England purchased the Cape from the Netherlands, they have been conscious too of their separation from their motherland and consequent absolute dependence on themselves, a tiny people of but a million and a half surrounded by the Blacks whom they fear, compelled to share the country with the British whose genius for compromise, not understanding, they suspect to be guile.

Imbued with a sense of hostile encirclement, the Afrikanders have, through the course of years, reacted to their innate introversion. Stubbornly barricaded in the stronghold of their prejudices, tenaciously blind to a world convulsed by two titanic wars, they

see only the dark shadow of the assagaied native and the red hand of Cain in their step-brothers, the English-speaking South Africans, white men who took up arms against them, other white men, and who would pamper the black man.

With singular ingenuity, they have hammered out a language of their own, Afrikaans, to replace their ancestral Dutch. Scarcely heard of forty years ago, Afrikaans is today equal with English as the official language of the country. Rooted in Dutch and English, this new tongue has evolved into a distinct language, with its own syntax and grammar. Already there is an infant Afrikaans literature, both prose and poetry, and so well propagated among the young Afrikanders is the doctrine of a separate people, a *Herrenvolk,* that they show grave surprise there is no faculty for their language at the European universities.

THE riches and the world reputation of South Africa come from the mines of Johannesburg and Kimberly. Despite that fact, the country is predominately a land of farmers, men who pattern their lives with unswerving exactitude to that of their forefathers, lost in a vast isolation from the swirling current of modern life.

Their nearest contact, even with their own little world, is a tiny *dorp* or village. Here, under the inevitable corrugated iron roofs, will be found the store that sells anything from a postage stamp to a roll of wall-paper, a movie theater, still called a bioscope, and the Kirk, the Dutch Reformed Church. Here, in the Kirk, is the center of the farmer's life. It is his place of worship, his parliament, his children's school, his court of social justice. Here the *Predikant,* the Dutch Reformed Minister, rules as an autocrat, chastising the evildoer, lauding the godly and elevating politics to a sacred crusade, one that would preserve the country from the corruption of the modern world, the golden calf of the "Johannesburg Jews," the lust and pride of the British, and would, armed with the Book of Genesis, subordinate the natives, the sons of Ham, to the hewing of wood and the drawing of water in perpetuity.

In the days of his adversities, in the desperate struggle with the forces of nature and hostile savages, it was zeal for his religion that forged the character of the Afrikander. Religion sustained the efforts of the early pioneers, keeping their hearts stout and their eyes uplifted to their God. And again it was their religion and the Bible (curiously, in view of their anti-Semitism, the Bible of the Jews, the Old Testament, rather than the New) that in the perils and ardors of the Great Trek upheld them as a chosen people in their months of weary plodding under the merciless sun, through desert storms and fierce battles with the natives. Today the Dutch Reformed Church is the powerhouse of Afrikander politics because the Afrikander's religion is still a living force within him, inseparable from any phase of his life. Apartheid for the native and South Africa for the Afrikander are not for him a mere program of a party but a dedicated covenant, wholly incomprehensible to the Englishman.

These, then, are the people who today rule over the country which barely fifty years ago they lost in armed combat. These are the people who, unseeing,

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uncomprehending, hold in their hands the future of civilization not only in their own land but over the whole continent of Africa.

TO the South African of British descent, the question of secession from the British Crown and the establishment of a Republic is a keener controversy than the policy of Apartheid, with which he is at variance only in degree and not in principle. He too believes profoundly in the supremacy of the white man. The extreme measures which are advocated against the native by the Afrikander do, however, offend his conscience; he suffers guilt-feelings when plied with pertinent questions by visitors from outside the Union, and exhibits a sensitivity on the subject not apparent in the Afrikander, whose conviction of native inferiority, rooted in his religion, frees him from any shame for a situation which he believes to be sanctioned by God.

Under Mr. Strydom's predecessor, Dr. Malan, the Apartheid laws already prohibited the African native, as well as the Indian, from exercising any profession among the white population or owning any business except within the areas allotted to colored people. Since neither native nor Indian may migrate from his allotted province, these restrictions breed bitterness and frustration. No native or Indian may be employed by whites in any position of responsibility or in skilled occupations, but only as domestic servants, waiters, factory hands, dock laborers, and the like. They may not be employed on public conveyances used by Whites nor may they use them for their own conveyance, except in the case of buses and trams on which they are permitted a few reserved seats at the rear; a separate bus and taxi service, however, on which their own people are employed, is at their disposal. These restrictions apply equally to a half-clad native straight from his kraal in the bush and to an African doctor or an Indian university man.

Native education up to university standard has been mainly the work of Christian missionaries and other independent organizations but under the new Bantu Education Act (Bantu being the generic term of all Africans south of the equator) no education will be permitted to natives that is not in accordance with the Government syllabus, which in its doctrine of predestined inferiority is definitely unChristian; its limitations are purposely designed to prevent the native from ever receiving more than an elementary education. Further, the teaching or expression of opinion deemed by the Minister for Native Affairs to be subversive to government policy will be a penal offense without right of appeal.

It is not, therefore, surprising that many native schools have already closed down and it is doubtful whether the remainder, always excepting the Dutch Reformed Church schools, will be able to continue under such onerous conditions. That Bantu Act will also confine, in perpetuity, all natives to special Reserves from which they will be allowed to emerge only by special permit for service in the cities as domestic servants, for work on the docks, or, as is already the custom, on contract for work in the mines. While on such contract the native is separated from his family for a period of two or three years, housed in a compound from which he is driven like cattle each morning, to which he is sent each night. That the compounds are clean and well built, the food good and the wages relatively generous cannot alter the fact that he is little more than a paid slave.

These injustices have shocked and roused protests from people outside South Africa and it is a measure of the tragic isolation, the Rip van Winkle outlook, of the Afrikander, that he cannot understand and keenly resents this criticism. He does not comprehend the immense propaganda value his actions are supplying to the newly resurgent Asian peoples all too ready to cry "color bar" without need of this provocation. For a world processed to think in captions, the cry "color bar" is dangerously easy and wholly deceptive in its implication; for the aversion that many people have to living side by side with Africans or Asians has relatively little to do with the color of Asian or African skins.

The aversion of White to Black or vice versa is based always on one of three foundations and oftimes on a combination of all three. Often, too often, it is nothing but an unthinking prejudice inherited traditionally, which a modicum of mental energy might eradicate. More often, particularly with those who have lived in Asia or Africa, the prejudice is rooted in a thorny hedge of ingrained habits of thought and customs totally and insuperably opposed to assimilation; this barrier, contrary to popular opinion, is not always kept high by the white side alone—many Asians find the habits and customs of white people equally obnoxious. Fear is also a potent influence in racial attitude, and this is undoubtedly the impelling force behind the white man's attitude towards the Blacks in

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South Africa and the mainspring of all his actions in dealing with them. It is, however, a foolish conceit for anyone whose acquaintance with Africans is confined to an occasional student in some European or American city to scoff at or unreservedly denounce the white man for his fear. The charming and intelligent student, so far as South Africa is concerned, represents a microscopic percentage of his people.

THE South African White's fear is not founded on hysteria nor solely on the unforgotten history of Piet Reteif and his handful of unarmed men who, little more than a hundred years ago, were bestially murdered by the treachery of the Zulu Chief Dingaan, nor on the remembered dread drums of Cetawayo sounding hardly seventy years ago when his advance on Natal was almost miraculously defeated.

Recent events have emphasized this fear and endorsed it as more than a legendary nightmare. It was not natives raw from the bush but urban dwelling Africans who three years ago, in resisting Apartheid laws, burnt alive a European woman and then, in superstition, cut slices from her body to eat. In 1949 the Zulus rose against the Indians in Durban and slaughtered them without mercy for child or woman.

Sympathy is certainly due to the natives for the injustices that are being perpetrated against them, but, keeping in mind always that the Blacks are ten million to two and a half Whites, remembering too the Mau Mau terror in East Africa and the insidiousness of Communist propaganda, some understanding must be allowed for the fear that drives this wrong.

Yet a policy based on fear is always indefensible both morally and logically. Fear drives out reason and with it conscience, begets injustice and cruelty and is invariably met by bitterness and the madness of hatred.

The policy of Apartheid if pursued to its illogical conclusion can only prove a boomerang coming back with greater force on those who prosecute it—if not tomorrow, then, surely in not so many morrows—with a terrible and bloody retribution. Whether South Africa should be a Republic is a question for the South Africans to decide for themselves; but the enforcement of Apartheid holds a menace extending far beyond the frontiers of that country. The ascension to power of Mr. Strydom and his youthful storm troopers is fraught with ominous danger to the whole dark continent of Africa and beyond to Asia and perhaps the entire world. Will Strydom leaven his passion with wisdom or will his "wild men" drive him so fast and so far as to change South Africa from a Land of Promise to a state blind to the march of events and deaf to the throbbing drums of war echoing over the mountainous hinterland, sending their avenging message far into the dense forests of the African bush?

FROM ITALY

Communism and The Worker-Priests

Rome

ONE year has passed since the climax of the controversy about the French worker-priests. The silence of the past year does not mean that their tragedy has had a happy ending. On the contrary, only now is the scope of their tragedy apparent, and it seems to mark a turning point in the struggle against Communism.

Both Rome and the worker-priests have in this last year published "white papers" explaining their respective positions. Rome's white paper came first, and was published in the *Civiltà Cattolica* of February 20, 1954. It did not convince world opinion, nor did the similar statements made by the hierarchy in France. The official statements did not even convince a large part of Catholic opinion in Europe. This has to be recognized. The impression was prevalent that the measures taken against the worker-priests had been at least in part inspired by political motives, and that the Church had thus taken sides with the employers and consequently had sacrificed—for the present at least—the French working class.

An illustration of this reaction is the success in Paris this season of Henri de Montherlant's play, "Port Royal," which describes the plight of the Jansenist nuns in the convent of Port Royal at the time of Pascal. Rome acted against Port Royal too; the parallel with the worker-priests is obvious. Protestant opinion in Europe, puzzled in the past by the worker-priest movement, now vigorously defends them. At the same time, it has also been noted with surprise that Rome has not acted against the worker-priests in Spain and Belgium, many of whom have been as bold as the French worker-priests. In both of those countries, however, the movement is more solidly organized and the working class less Communist than in France.

The white paper of the French worker-priests (*Les prêtres ouvriers,* Editions de Minuit) is undoubtedly of the utmost interest. It was written collectively and anonymously by a group of them; as far as it is possible to look into the souls of fellow human beings, it seems that they are absolutely sincere. There have been conflicting reports regarding the number of the priests who have not—or not yet—obeyed their superiors and withdrawn from the work. According to the

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worker-priests themselves, "the majority" have not obeyed. As there were roughly a hundred of them, this would mean that perhaps some sixty worker-priests are rebels, "all united and with the same desire to be heard by the Church." There is no question but that they represent an élite within the French clergy; it would be a blow to the Church to lose them irrevocably.

A bestseller which has been written about them, *Saints in Hell* by Gilbert Cesbron, seems to have done them considerable harm. They allege that the book is inaccurate and has contributed to giving many of the clergy and laity the wrong picture of their activities.

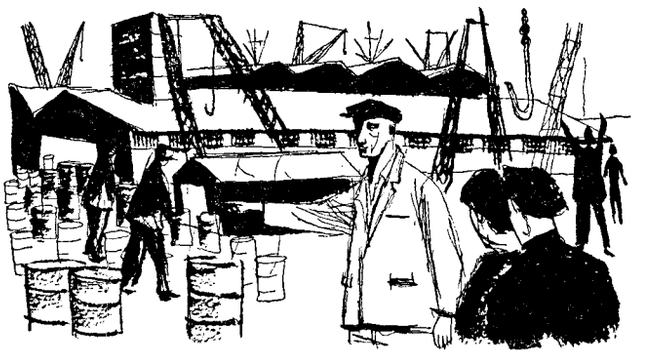
But one thing appears with terrific clarity in the worker-priests' white paper: the influence of Communism, and even of Communism's cheapest propaganda slogans. And the authors seem unconscious of this. It is not that they speak the language of the working class, but that they speak the language of Communism. What is worse, they evaluate a series of basic problems from a Communist viewpoint, and indulge in characteristic Communist distortions of reality. An American general—Ridgway, for example—is a "warmonger"; but there is no objection made to Soviet war preparations. The capitalism of the West is dismissed as "a remnant condemned to death," the class struggle is pictured as making all collaboration between employers and workers impossible; the kind of collaboration which has already been achieved in the United States, Britain and many parts of Western Europe is ignored. American economic aid to Europe is described, in Communist slogans, as causing only unemployment, low wages and misery.

This, then, is the point which has been reached by cultured Christians who have a deep and burning faith—and who have been in close contact with Communist workers and leaders. This is the price they have paid for their work as apostles. If Rome's white paper failed to convince Catholic opinion in Europe of the necessity for intervention, the white paper of the French worker-priests has succeeded. *Ex ore tuo. . . .*

ASIDE from the deep human tragedy of these men and the outcome of their dialogue with the hierarchy, the affair has provoked enormous interest in Italy, where the problem is the same. Catholics in Italy are more divided than ever about the methods which should be used against Communism. Somehow Arnold Toynbee has been brought into the debate and his recent remarks about Communism have been cited: Communism, according to this view, proclaims in a challengingly loud unChristian voice a commandment of Christ, which on the Christian Church's lips had sunk to a discreetly inaudible whisper, repeated by churchmen under their breath. The commandment is that of social justice. The French worker-priests undoubtedly felt from the beginning the demands of social justice, and they have acted with grim consistency.

But if Communism proclaims social justice, does it practice it when Communism is in power? That is the kernel of the problem, and the answer is no. "Communism militant" changes completely when it becomes "Communism triumphant." Or if one prefers another comparison, "Communism militant" is a flower whose fruit is poisonous. Communism, the Italian debate went on, is in a position to promise anything, since it demonstrably does not fulfil its promises. The promises are all the more alluring as many Communists, especially in Western Europe, are themselves in good faith.

LIBERAL anti-Communists often argue that it is necessary to offer the masses something new as an "alternative to Communism"; that it is necessary



to outbid Communism with promises in the social field. This leads nowhere. The Communists always promise more. Or they may compromise liberal initiative by backing liberal reforms; that is quite as effective. Thus they monopolize social justice—or, as they say, "the progressive forces."

It is natural that these promises attract the workers, both the active and intelligent who hope to make a career if Communism takes power, and the gray bottom layer of the workers, the ones with the lowest standard of living, what is called in Communist terminology "the base." As voters, "the base" can be extremely important, if Communist activists rouse it out of its apathy. But this class is mostly composed of the kind of proletarian who is fated to live miserably under almost any political system, for he is too weak physically, or too unintelligent, or too passive, or often too lazy, to organize into a trade union or to lift himself out of his state. Among the unemployed in Italy, such unfortunates are the majority. (There are Italian employers actually suffering from a lack of manpower in the face of wide unemployment.)

These workers live miserably. But their opposite

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numbers in a Communist regime are the victims of the iron rule that you eat according to your output. The *Stakanovists* are there to set the killing pace. The marginal workers are lucky if they survive. Refugees from the East tell the deeply symbolic story of the poor woodcutter in a Balkan country. He was a Communist before the war and suffered much for his political faith. He was beaten by the police several times, and finally took to drinking in order to endure his lot. At the end of the war, when his country became Communist, he rejoiced, sure that he finally was to lead a life worthy of a human being. But the first thing that happened to him was that he was expelled from the party as a drunkard. This was such a blow that he got drunk as never before, and desperately shouted, "Down with Communism!" He was grabbed by the police and given a treatment he never before had dreamt of. Finally he was released as harmless. Terrorized and desperate, he got drunk for the last time and hanged himself.

It is these "eternal proletarians" the French worker-priests went out to evangelize. They are "the least of my brethren." To gain these workers' confidence and compete with the Communists, there was no way left to the priests but to preach the Christian commandment of social justice. But the Communists always promised more, and finally fatally compromised the priests by supporting them. Thus the missionaries were unable to preach to the "eternal proletarians" an equally important Christian injunction, one preached to the sick and the suffering: resignation. Job is the exemplar. No suffering is in vain. But in the Communist world, resignation is intolerable. It is the opium of the people. Therefore the worker-priests were caught in an ideological trap.

GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN.

THE SCREEN

WOE IS ME AND WOE IS YOU

TWO new movies are outstanding examples of film making but are also physically and emotionally exhausting. Paul Osborn, concentrating on the last part of John Steinbeck's lengthy novel in writing the script of "East of Eden," finds life pretty much a vale of tears; and Director Elia Kazan accentuates the woe that is in store for all of us ever since we were exiled from Eden. The story, taking place in and around Salinas, California, in 1917, mainly concerns twin brothers, their father and the fiancée of the good brother; but it is the bad brother who interests Kazan most—the bad brother who feels rejected and unloved, who is torn between jealousy of his brother, the father's favorite, and devotion to his twin to whom he has been so close.

Strangely enough, Kazan, who practically knocks us out of our seats with several powerful scenes, tells parts of this modern-day Cain and Abel story in such an arty manner that the technique detracts from the realism. James Dean's acting in the role of the bad brother is patterned so closely after the style of Marlon Brando that at times the character is more like a parody than a straightforward portrait. The rest of the cast is magnificent: Raymond Massey as the kindly but not always wise patriarchical father, Julie Harris as the sensitive and confused fiancée who turns from the good brother to the bad but hates to hurt her first love, Richard Davalos as the good twin, the apple of his father's eye until he goes berserk after his brother forces him to see their mother (Jo Van Fleet) who runs a house of prostitution in Monterey.

Although "East of Eden" has been beautifully photographed in WarnerColor and CinemaScope, it is by no means a pretty picture. However, its psychological themes, with emphasis on a sibling conflict and the importance of love, have a universal appeal, and its big scenes (the girl and the bad brother discovering their love for each other; the father rejecting the bad brother's gift because it has a taint of war-profiteering; the bad brother throwing his twin at his mother's feet) are unforgettable. You many not "like" "East of Eden," but you won't be unmoved by it.

YOU may not like "The Wages of Fear" either, but I defy anyone to sit unperturbed during the last half of the picture when four men drive two trucks loaded with nitro-glycerine on a perilous three-hundred-mile trip through the mountains. This is the famous French picture, "Le Salaire de la Peur," which so many people abroad said would never be shown in the United States because of its raw themes and anti-capitalist slant. Well, the film is being shown here after being cut down considerably; and although the first part, on which most of the editing was obviously done, is rather confused and certainly not always clear as to motivation, the movie as a whole packs a wallop that will leave you stunned. In a drab, sun-burnt town in Central America, two Frenchmen, a German and an Italian see a way to escape from this hell-hole by earning $2,000 each by taking the nitro-glycerine to put out an oilwell fire.

The slippery road, a hair-pin curve that requires the trucks to back up on a flimsy trestle, a boulder that blocks the road and a pool of oil through which the trucks must go are among the perils—perils which grow greater as we come to know the four men better and see bravado turning into cowardice, and bravery

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becoming secondary to cool intelligence. I am not sure whether it is by intention or by accident that Director H. G. Clouzot pervades this film with the same unhealthy atmosphere that predominated his picture about poison-pen writing, "The Raven." Cinematically Clouzot knows his business and "The Wages of Fear" is as intensely exciting as any film I've ever seen. The four lead roles are very well played. Perhaps if we saw this film in its original form, we'd understand wherein its moral disquiet and political uneasiness lie. As it now stands, fatalistic and spell-binding, "The Wages of Fear" is a breathless thriller.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"OBITUARY FOR DISTRIBUTISM"

Bryan's Road, Md.

TO the Editors: Mr. John Stanley's very entertaining article [Jan. 14] has served the good purpose of provoking into print the Catholic social thinkers who say that Technocracy is only bad if it isn't Christian Technocracy.

Historically, Catholic social thought and action in this country have been directed almost exclusively at the problems of the industrial workers and their families. Our Catholic population is almost entirely urban, and it is no criticism of the late Msgr. Ryan and his associates to say that they gave Catholic social thought its present industrial orientation. However, Msgr. Ryan's successors among the clergy, and the social reforming laymen who have pushed the social encyclicals, have been at times less than understanding when discussing the seemingly romantic ideas of the English Distributists and their American back-to-the-land counterparts. This lack of understanding springs from a kind of insensitiveness to the sights, sounds, and smells of the farmyard that has characterized urban man since ancient times. It is simply a continuation of the ancient feud between city and country.

That a peasant positively likes the smell of manure is probably incomprehensible to a Parisian factory hand. The city man looks at a manure heap and sees a pile of smelly sewage; the real farmer sees a heap of gold. But the difference between urbanized modern man and the peasant goes even deeper. Distributists, such as Belloc, expressed their ideas in poetry perhaps more effectively than in prose. Essentially their objection to the modern technological world is not economic or even political; it is esthetic. The individual peasant, of course, does not think like a Belloc or a Chesterton, in poetic categories; but the collective unconscious, so to speak, of a peasant society produces poetry of no cheap quality in song, story, and costume.

One source of misunderstanding between Catholic industrial reformers and those of us who espouse Distributism in one form or another has been an insistence on an either/or choice—either back-to-the-land or 1984. I think it is obvious that for the time being only a very small number of people can return to the land, and that the immediately pressing problem of ameliorating the condition of the factory worker and of providing family security through wage and hour laws, social security, health insurance, etc., must be of first concern. But that should not blind [the industrial reformers] from considering the long-run implications of a completely technological civilization.

Christopher Dawson has pointed out more than once that all great cultures of the past have reached their apex of achievement in the city but that the city culture always had a broad and strong rural base. When in ancient Greece and Rome the peasantry disintegrated, the whole culture eventually came down in ashes. Certainly the way of life celebrated by Virgil in his charming *Georgics* (written, by the way, at the request of Augustus as instructions for soldiers settled on the land), the way of life that has furnished substance to our Liturgy, and melodies to Mozart and Beethoven, is a thing quite precious and perhaps indispensable. Several years ago Pope Pius XII, in addressing a group of Italian farmers, had this to say:

> The lands that you cultivate are the "sweet fields," *dulcia arva*, so dear to the gentle Virgil. They are the lands of Italy, whose perennial and life-giving healthfulness, whose fertile fields, sunny hills, and shadowy woods, whose generous vines and olive trees, whose sleek flocks were exalted by Pliny. "*O fortunatos nimium, sua bona norint, agricolas*!" "Oh more than happy husbandmen," exclaimed the great poet of the country, "did they but know their blessings."

Elsewhere in the same address the Pope told the farmers that farming as a way of life should not be sacrificed for "the most rapidly increasing national economy or for the cheapest possible provisioning of the nation with farm products. . . ." His Holiness further pointed out that before there was any sin, God gave man the earth for his cultivation as the most beautiful and honorable occupation in the natural order.

Unlike some of our industrially oriented friends in the field of Catholic social action, the Pope is willing to give poetry its due!

There are a number of developments in our technological society that fly in the face of Catholic tradition. Distinctions between the sexes and the man's headship in the family are rapidly becoming archaic notions to be bowed to on those occasions, such as cocktail parties, when women wear dresses instead

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Challenge

A new year of political developments is under way. The President is presenting his program; the free world is apprehensive about the shake-up in Moscow; the nations of Asia are meeting; the Communist Chinese are launching new attacks on the Nationalists; the rearming—or unifying—of Germany still plagues the policy-makers of the Western nations; Indochina is slipping out of the free world like sand out of a cut bag.

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of pants. Community in the sense of a place where one lives, works, and worships has disappeared. As Mr. Schall so well pointed out [Nov. 26], each of us is associated with several mutually distinct and disassociated communities—one of work, another of residence, still another of recreation, and possibly even still a fourth of worship. It is because of these developments that are so repugnant to many of us, that the question of what's wrong with the world cannot be discussed in solely economic, political, or even sociological frames of reference.

LUCILE D. SISSON.

OF NOTE

WALDEMAR GURIAN

THE current issue of *The Review of Politics* (Notre Dame, Indiana) is a memorial to the late Waldemar Gurian, founder and editor of that journal, who died last fall. In addition to a hitherto unpublished essay by Professor Gurian himself on "The Catholic Publicist," the issue contains a number of essays about Gurian as a person, and evaluating his permanent contributions to Catholic thought. Among these is "Waldemar Gurian: Witness of the Twentieth Century," by Hans Kohn, from which the following is excerpted:

"There is no doubt that Gurian's analysis of Bolshevism as the product of an extreme secularism [in *Bolshevism: An Introduction to Soviet Communism*] is right. Bolshevism believes in man's capacity to establish a perfectly functioning society through social engineering, in which man's needs would find their maximum satisfaction and where life would become meaningful through organized cooperative labor in the interest of society. 'Perfectionist utopianism, of which Bolshevism represents a most efficient variety, is the greatest danger of our time. It may result in a fierce activism—as in Soviet Communism—or a cynical relativism: since this perfection cannot be achieved, everything is equally wrong, because equally imperfect.' Gurian's emphasis on Bolshevism as the social and political secular religion is useful because it will recall that military containment and crude anti-Bolshevik measures at home will not suffice.

"Bolshevism is a form of twentieth century totalitarianism. Like any other totalitarianism—fascist or religious, nationalist or socialist—Bolshevism is much more than a political or economic movement. Every totalitarian movement wishes to seize man as a whole, body and mind, economic activity and spiritual longing, and promises him true freedom and security by liberation from the burden of individual responsibility,

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of the autonomy which Immanuel Kant proclaimed as the sign of moral personality. Despotism and cruel tyranny have been known throughout history. Totalitarianism however could emerge only after the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had tried to establish the autonomy of the individual and the right to diversity. Gurian has found remarkable words for this right of diversity: 'True freedom consists in the capacity to produce an infinite variety of men and human groups embodying history and society, expressing and emphasizing the manifold aspects of human nature. Common to all kinds of historical life is recognition by human endeavor of an order which cannot be exhausted in a particular form arising in time; only such recognition can be the basis of human freedom. It is the negative merit of Bolshevism to have challenged this conception of human nature; and its challenge can only be answered by our becoming aware of its fundamentals.' . . .

"Gurian rightly recognized that among all the forms of totalitarianism Bolshevism was spiritually the most appealing and therefore the most dangerous. Like Christianity or Islam, Bolshevism turned to all men, irrespective of race or descent. It promised, after a brief and bitter struggle against the 'infidels,' the advent of a reign of perfect peace and joy for all. At the same time Bolshevism claimed the sanction of reason and science. Fascism had one of its roots in the romantic voluntarism of Schopenhauer (of course without Buddhistic will-rejecting ethics) and of Nietzsche; one of the roots of Bolshevism is the panlogical rationalism of Hegel. In a crude fashion—which appeals equally to some Western intellectuals eager for power and to Eastern illiterate masses—Bolshevism resumes and exaggerates the hopes of eighteenth and nineteenth century progressivism. Claude Adrien Helvetius, whose book *De l'Esprit* was condemned by the Sorbonne and publicly burned in 1759, boldly asserted *'l'éducation peut tout.'* James Mill told Francis Place in a similar spirit. 'If I had time to write a book, I would make the human mind as plain as the road from Charing Cross to St. Paul's.' Though Bolshevism and fascism both originate in the rejection of, and contempt for, modern Western civilization, Bolshevism is the latter's more prominent and more persistent antagonist. It knows itself the instrument of an inescapable historical process. Compared with the intellectual variety, the spiritual anxiety—one may prefer the French word *inquiétude*—the tolerance and readiness to debate and to compromise of the modern West, the apparently closed ranks of totalitarianism seem to march triumphantly forward to their pre-ordained goal.

"In the first half of the twentieth century the rise of totalitarianism came as a surprise to the West. As a result, it was dazzled by its initial successes, first by those of Hitler, later by those of Stalin, and this very confusion made the successes of totalitarianism possible. It was again typical for the West, that Western man, in his ever aroused and ever anxious conscience, attributed the rise and success of totalitarianism to the spiritual and social failures or sins of the West. It is of the essence of modern Western society, relativist and experimental in its nature, to know of the inevitable imperfection of all human society and at the same time to feel the responsibility for its steady improvement. But that totalitarianism appeared attractive to so many, was not the result of modern Western civilization: the attraction was mainly exercised where modern Western civilization, a relatively recent growth in the West itself, had not found time to establish itself and where its challenge was resented by older traditions. In his excellent studies of Bolshevism Gurian probably underrates its connection with previous trends of Russian history. Bolshevism, as he rightly states, came into the world as a child of the Russian radical intelligentsia, but this intelligentsia in its very radicalism was alien to the West and much nearer to the spirit of Orthodox tradition than to the critical reasoning of modern civilization. It has not been sufficiently emphasized that Bolshevism and other forms of totalitarianism have exercised little attraction in Holland and Switzerland, in Britain and the United States, in the lands where modern Western civilization with its tolerance and respect for individual liberty had become first rooted. . . .

"It is typical of Gurian's religious conviction that he did not conclude his study of Bolshevism 'as a world menace' on a note of despair or violence. 'The Bolshevist disease and evil can have good and happy results. For it may force us to reflect upon the foundations of our existence and social order. . . . The blackest tragedies and the most depressing catastrophes of history have their positive function and meaning.' That is as true of fascism as of Bolshevism. Fascist provocation and violence slowly aroused the awareness of the West and the consciousness of its unity in face of its challengers. Without the understanding gained in the second world war of the tactics and intentions of totalitarianism, the Western world would not have united and acted in time to contain the Bolshevik menace, which Hitler's and Japanese aggression allowed to expand in Central Europe and the Far East. The newly won Western unity, the new assessment of Western traditions and values, the rejection of the widespread feeling of the West's decadence and self-abandonment—all that might not have come about without the menace of totalitarianism. To this end, the spiritual recovery of the West, few have so valiantly contributed as Waldemar Gurian who in his life and character combined so many of the various traditions and insights of the West. . . ."

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As Mr. Wingleft Sees It

INTERVIEWER: Did you support General Eisenhower's candidacy, Mr. Wingleft?

Mr. Wingleft: No, I did not. After all there is such a thing as the military mind and Ike was a soldier all his life. I was opposed to putting a General in the White House. The military mind tends to be dictatorial. I don't like strong men running our country.

Interviewer: Do you support the President now?

Mr. Wingleft: No. I do not. I think he has shown that he is weak and vacillating. The man doesn't seem to be able to make up his mind. He reigns, he doesn't rule. We need a strong man in Washington, a man of decision.

Interviewer: How did you feel about Senator McCarthy?

Mr. Wingleft: Well, I guess you know how I felt about him. Basically, I suppose, I was opposed to him because he operated on the principle that the ends justify the means. I don't think that even a good end can be served by innuendo and character assassination.

Interviewer: How did you feel about Senator Flanders' attack on McCarthy?

Mr. Wingleft: Excellent. Flanders is a New England Republican, but I gave him my support.

Interviewer: But Flanders indulged in some pretty unsavory innuendo, didn't he, Mr. Wingleft?

Mr. Wingleft: He got results, and that's what we were looking for, wasn't it? I didn't always approve of Flanders' means but I did approve of what he was trying to do.

Interviewer: Do you think China should be admitted to the United Nations?

Mr. Wingleft: Of course. The United Nations should be open to everyone, whether we approve of them or not. The UN puts a roof over our differences. It's not just a cozy club for our friends. Whether we like Communist China or not, it's here and the way to deal with the Chinese people is through their actual government.

Interviewer: What about Spain?

Mr. Wingleft: Spain is a fascist dictatorship. It doesn't belong in the UN.

Interviewer: But shouldn't the Spanish people be represented in the United Nations?

Mr. Wingleft: Franco overthrew the legitimate government of Spain. That government was the only government authorized to speak for the Spanish people.

Interviewer: What about the Nationalist Chinese representation in the UN?

Mr. Wingleft: Whom, pray, do they represent? The *de facto* government of China today (mind you, I don't approve of it) is the government of Mao Tse-tung. Let's deal with realities and not with lost causes in the UN.

Interviewer: Franco has ruled Spain for almost twenty years.

Mr. Wingleft: Franco is a fascist dictator who overthrew the legitimate government of Spain.

Interviewer: What about U.S. diplomacy?

Mr. Wingleft: What about it? My position has been clear for years. I believe in open diplomacy. Let the people know what is going on. I wrote articles on the subject and gave speeches.

Interviewer: How do you feel about our diplomacy today?

Mr. Wingleft: It's terrible. Our diplomats have their hands tied. They can't afford to do an unpopular thing, even though it's best for the country. Everything is laid out on the table. Some demagogue goes to work, stirs up a lot of people who don't understand the issues and then whole programs are ruined. We have to get back to sane discretion. Let the diplomats make the decisions. They are the only ones qualified.

Interviewer: You've always taken a lively interest in the FBI, haven't you, Mr. Wingleft?

Mr. Wingleft: Well, yes. I have said for years that there is no place in a free country for secret police. I've never liked the FBI's methods and I haven't hesitated to speak out against them. Frankly, I don't trust them.

Interviewer: Do you think security is a real problem?

Mr. Wingleft: It's a problem all right, but it's a job for the experts, not for self-constituted policemen or headline-hunting investigators. I say turn the whole thing over to the FBI. They know what they're doing. I for one put my trust in J. Edgar Hoover.

Interviewer: Would you be willing to say a few words about censorship?

Mr. Wingleft: Thank you. I do have a few ideas on that subject. I think the State should stay out of the censorship business. Of course some censorship may be necessary, but I say leave it to the people. They will take care of the problem themselves.

Interviewer: How?

Mr. Wingleft: Oh, lots of ways. They can boycott; they can apply pressure—all the weapons a democratic people have at their disposal.

Interviewer: What do you think of all this boycotting and picketing by private groups?

Mr. Wingleft: It's undemocratic. We have laws. It's not democratic for private groups to take things into their own hands.

Interviewer: Now this young man Harvey Matusow . . .

Mr. Wingleft: Will you excuse me while I glance over the afternoon paper? Glad to give you my opinion on him in a few minutes.

JOHN COGLEY.

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The Man Who Played the Fool

MRS. GEORGE NORMAN

IT is a little more than ten years since Max Jacob died in the concentration camp of Drancy during the German occupation of France. Paris is now recalling his memory. One more book on the poet, *Dialogues avec Max Jacob,* by Louis Emié, has recently appeared. Francis de Miomandre, a sober enough writer, in an article, *Max With Us,* writes that those ten years ago seem like yesterday. Of "certain very rare and very exceptional [beings] one will not admit to oneself that they are really gone."

Yet Max Jacob was for years the scandal-playboy of Paris. His conversion to Catholicism electrified his friends as well as those who knew only his extravagant reputation. For one thing, Max was that must unlikely-sounding national, a Breton Jew. Quimper, on the northern coast, was his hometown and remained that of his people. He arrived, however, in Paris to work in an office but failed there as he must infallibly have done, and then swept floors in a shop. Before long, on the heights of Montmartre, he was somehow painting, writing strange verse and telling fortunes by the stars while playing the fool and racking fellow-Bohemians with laughter. All this in a room so dimly lit that the light burned all day while the only window looked out, like St. Bernadette's *Cachot*, onto a courtyard where other lodgers discharged their refuse.

And here one day, on the walls covered with Max Jacob's cabalistic figures and others of his as weird as Picasso's were later to become, in September, 1909, Max saw, or thought he saw, a vision of Christ. Light flowed into his soul and he was converted.

Whether the vision was objectively real, or not, scarcely matters; the fact of conversion and whether it lasts, of course, does. In this case it had as well an extrinsic value as demonstrating the wide arms of the Church that have room not only for the sinner but for those almost more objectionable to the conventional—the eccentrics, the clowns of society; Max, in certain senses, was even to the end one of these. Alongside of grave faults, he had great qualities, great virtues; through all aberrations a great magnanimity, a humility and charity that were near-heroic.

In spite of what sounds to us a positively repellent oddness and a physiognomy to match, Max Jacob had an attraction so great that it was said to be difficult to be with him without loving him. He gave out a vitality; you *lived* with him, laughed as he did at life, soared with him into a world of pure revelry. But that was only one side of a mysterious and deeply involved nature; at one moment he was the wild clown, singing, dancing, spouting verse ribald or otherwise, the center of a gathering;—in a flash grave, silent, even morose; you never quite *had* Max if you were only one of his supposed intimates.

It was this strange being who, converted in one fulminating instant, set out next day to seek baptism as a Catholic. But the thing was not so easily done. At the church of St. John the Baptist he found, says his friend André Billy in his *Max Jacob,* a young curate who, taking him for a practical-joker from an anti-clerical paper, laughed in his face. The fundamental humility of the poor "joker" accepted the rebuff; he left to enshrine in rather beautiful and unbitter verse "A Priest Who Refuses Me Baptism."

IF the conversion had been so sudden and so amazing as to be received with the amused derision of which Parisians are at no time chary, it had really had its preparation in the convert's childhood. The God of the Christians, he averred, had always allured him; forbidden, too, to enter a Catholic church by parents otherwise religiously indifferent, Max had taken the family *bonne* to view all neighboring churches from the outside. "What on earth he does there!" his father wondered.

The early years of the century in France in Max's surroundings were spiritually desolate. André Vendôme in an exhaustive study, *The Conversion of Max Jacob,* states that Nietzche's dictum "God is dead" re-echoed, apparently to their delight, "through the ranks of its victims." According to Vendôme, however, the legend of the wildness of Max and even of the Montmartre of the *Lapin Agile* and nearby cafés has been overdrawn. The sensation-seeking press looked for copy in such surroundings; it does so today at St. Germain-des-Prés where young men and women are credited with a wildness they indignantly deny.

Certainly, however, that earlier generation had to fill an inner void of soul and tried to do so by laughter and folly of a spectacular kind. Vendôme admirably resumes the case for Max Jacob: "If he plays the fool, it is because he has a hunger for joy and has never

Mrs. Norman is a novelist and essayist who writes frequently on French literary figures.

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met it;" his wildness was "a flight from a world where he stifled, and the search for a divine *Center,*" a strange and secret preparation for the inflowing of Grace. Max himself most passionately declared that in his heart he was "*un homme grave*," while André Billy feels a certain remorse for having chiefly felt *pity* for him: "he gave the impression of being always at the limit of a crisis of remorse, of despair." Remorse, indeed, seemed to be his most constant attribute and was often, quite falsely, put down to an unashamed bid for publicity, so loudly did he proclaim his remorse in speech and print alike.

Max, visionary and convert, had apparently accepted as final the then unexplained rebuff as to his baptism; he "wept and frequented churches," but for five solid years, as far as is known, made no further advances towards the Faith. In December, 1914, a chance acquaintance in a café gave him the address of a Society for the conversion of Jews, Notre Dame de Zion. The next day he was telling the story of his life, not a very edifying one he said, "to the Father." Instruction was begun, but not without hesitations and delays; two months later, however, he was at last received into the Church. The occasion, solemn as it was, could not be without a note of the fantastic which clothed Max as with a garment. Picasso, strange as himself, was his godfather, his godmother an actress—and in France in those days the calling was not precisely reputable—Sylvette Filassier of the Variétiés. Picasso wished to name him Fiacre after the patron of gardeners. Max objected and opted for Cyprien. Picasso presented his godson with an *Imitation of Christ.*

POOR Max, his intentions were so good, their apparent result so poor. Even after his baptism he did little to reassure the pious or to silence the laughter of the profane. Whatever sins he said he committed were still broadcast not only in talk but in print; his *Saint Matarel,* for instance, a poet and "public amuser" with a list of vices and misdemeanors, was at once recognized as Max himself. The bitter repentance which followed any fall was either disbelieved or taken for one more of his parodies. Still, for his friends he was unique, and so lovable, above all so kind, they forgave him anything and everything. He was, too, deeply affectionate, and this indeed accounted for most of his failings: "I cannot do without my friends," he wrote "and my friends cannot do without horrors." The "horrors" seemed to have belonged to Montparnasse and over and over again he resolved not to go there—and then went. Unfortunately Notre Dame de Zion was on the same height of Montparnasse and his very piety may have got him into trouble.

Confusion for his fellows was worse confounded from his believing he saw, and telling everyone he saw, two more visions. Given his imagination and his response to every emotional stimulus, we cannot be surprised even though the vision was supposed to be of Our Lady and that she addressed him more than colloquially: "You are pretty rotten, my poor Max!" (*"Ce que tu es moche, mon pauvre Max!"*) and that he answered: "Not so rotten as all that, good Blessed Virgin."

It is not surprising that in time it dawned upon Max Jacob that Paris was not precisely the place to help him on his arduous and checkered upward way and he took a desperate resolution: he would leave Paris, his friends and his roving, too pleasurable, life. The six years since his baptism had been the most successful of his career; he had found publishers for his writing, patrons for his painting; in 1920 a big exhibition of his water-colors and gouaches was held at Bernheim's, a noted gallery. He had actually even become the fashion. His hostesses vied with each other in securing so brilliant a talker, a guest so unlike any other and so amusing and even so biting a wit, for Max, carried away as usual, and by a new form of applause, that of charming women of the world, forgot the virtue of charity-in-speech he daily struggled to acquire.

He had for a time even seemed to be a *chef d'école,* at any rate in some literary circles, though opinion varied as to his work, equating in writing, as it did, the cabalistic drawings on his walls. Marcel Béalu, in his *Dernier Visage de Max Jacob,* calls him simply a great poet. "He is a great poet," says André Billy, "if, before all, poetry is caprice, fantasy, epigram," but he thinks Max lacks the music of lyricism; "if before all the novelist is an observer and mimic, Max Jacob was the most prodigious novelist of his generation." He had, André Billy concludes, genius if not art. He was, in art, as elsewhere, alone of his kind. He struck a resounding note, as it were, on some strange instrument.

In 1921, at any rate, his prestige began to decline. He was still "surrounded," but perhaps more as an elder, admired no doubt, but no longer of the young and aspiring, no longer even a leader. Whether the falling away of his world had much, or anything, to do with his leaving Paris, cutting off the tree at the root, is quite uncertain. He had, through all his faults and failings, consulted his confessor as to what plan of life he had best form or aim at. Had he by any chance a religious vocation? We might smile at the question, but it was a real one to this strange being. He had no such vocation he himself, however, perceived: "Then what to do in the world? Multiply acts of devotion which are my safeguard against the devil, for I know by experience into what a state I fall under

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the influence of my friends. My nature is porous. Let me endure then the influence of God and not that of the world." He goes on to rules for guidance to himself, excellent and even heroic rules, but alas! as he said, he was too "porous," in a sense too defenseless. So, advised by a friend, the Abbé Weil (who may also have been his confessor), he broke with all that had been his life and left it. He sought refuge at St. Benoît-sur-Loire, near Orleans.

MAX was to be a boarder at the presbytery—rather a change from the Rue Gabrielle and Montparnasse. Before he could receive so unlikely a guest, the curé, M. Fleureau, repaired to the Rue Gabrielle to interview him. Apparently relieved—and fortified by the Abbé Weil—M. Fleureau accepted "the first amuser of Paris," who set up his desk in a room "the most modest" of the presbytery, for when two months later it was "required for visiting relations," it may also, one feels, have been required because of the guest's habit of throwing lighted matches into the wastebasket.

St. Benoît is much like any other French townlet but for the Benedictine monastery which rises in historic splendor from the plain of the Loire in a countryside both dull and rather mournful. There, according to a tradition, St. Benedict himself is buried. For six years Max frequented the great abbey by day and, it might be said, by night. In the town he was liked even by its gossips and by the children who teased and ran after "the Parisian" in sabots and velvet trousers like their own but who was neither a peasant nor a workman. He now painted for his living, received his friends from Paris who were too numerous and too frequent to please the curé. The rest of the time he was in the abbey church making the Stations of the Cross, saying long, long prayers with strikings of the breast and, not seldom, with groans and tears.

And then with the incalculability which was the only really calculable thing about him, Max returned to Paris. It seems, however, that the Abbé Weil himself approved the step. St. Benoît in the long-run proved too great a strain, breaking-point had been reached.

But if the Abbé counted on the influence of the sanctified life of St. Benoît projecting itself into the return of the prodigal, he must have been sadly disillusioned; what Max called "the most culpable time of my life," there, in 1927, began and lasted for five years, no less. Max Jacob, the self-proclaimed sinner was not to turn into a saint by easy ways or any but heroic ones.

It was by a too natural reaction that a time of "dissipation" ensued, or that, at any rate, was all the world knew. We may know little of what underlay it all, but that these years were not entirely "dissipated" is proved by the number of young painters and writers who flocked to Max for advice and encouragement, and by the fact that he still painted: he signed a contract with the Georges Petit Gallery for 1250 francs a gouache.

In 1936 he returned to St. Benoît, finally renouncing the world he had loved. It was the fruition at long last of that "meeting at the turning of the road" with Christ of which Lacordaire has written, and which turned the footsteps of His stumbling but, on the whole, heroic creature into that road He Himself had trod.

It was the old life at St. Benoît but now a heroic one that he humbly and simply resumed; he was as simply welcomed back, if necessarily not in the least understood. "Another one come to take *a lesson in poetry*," his landlady opined of one of his visitors. He had at all times wanted to convert people—he now concentrated where he could on his fellow Jews, and started and kept up a vast correspondence with Jews and others. If all his old gaiety lived on, as it did, it was the deeply spiritual life of prayer, abnegation and charity—he never refused a request for money, and arrived at living on one meal a day—it was, no doubt, this new life which led to his acceptance in advance of a death and possible torture he foresaw in all its horror as quite possible. Hitler's purge of the Jews was in full swing. Max's young sister had been arrested: "Why she?" he asked in anguish, "she was so sweet." He was assigned the yellow star of the persecuted at which the children with unconscious cruelty jeered, but which the older folk of St. Benoît affected not to see or begged him not to wear. The police, however, arrived to investigate and he had to obey. "He was already," says André Vendôme, "on the other side. He knew God had marked him on His list. He answered Yes."

It was in 1944 that a Gestapo car stopped at his door and he was taken off without a word of explanation. "You see," cried his landlady in rebellious tears, "what a lot of good it did you to pray so much." It *had* done him a lot of good; he went "quite calmly and willingly." He was not, happily, to know torture, or gas-chamber—an old enemy, pneumonia, claimed him within a month. Fellow Jews surrounded him. "As tactfully as possible," he murmured that he was a Catholic; they tried to get him religious help. After he died, they found a rosary in his pocket and put it into his dead hands. "I think he was happy," says the Jewish doctor. "Yes, I think so. At what time did he die? In the morning really, like the lamps. It was more than resignation, it was an absolute cleaving (*adhésion*) to a going, and with a simplicity, an unheard of grandeur."

"Those unknown Jews," says Marcel Béalu, "alone perhaps had seen the real face of Max Jacob."

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Seeking a Definition of the National Interest

CIVILIZATION AND FOREIGN POLICY. By Louis Halle. Harper. $3.75.

By GEORGE JAEGER

IT is not a coincidence that so much good writing has been produced by former members of the State Department's Policy Planning Staff. When the balance of power settled on the two great new poles of force and America was irrevocably engaged after World War II, the State Department found itself faced with unprecedented new responsibilities. Secretaries began to be called on to make decisions involving equations whose complexity was matched only by their gravity and importance. As Dean Acheson remarks in his foreword to *Civilization and Foreign Policy,* the sweep of matters which should go into these major judgments is so vast that no single mind is adequate for the quantitative thinking required. "Too much must be held in suspension awaiting the catalyst of decision."

It was to assist in meeting these needs that General Marshall had established the Policy Planning Staff and charged it with keeping the Department's vision in focus, so that its members "should see life steadily and see it whole." As one reads the published product of its work—George Kennan's theories of confrontation and coalition, C. B. Marshall's analysis of the dynamics and limits of foreign policy, and now Mr. Halle's inquiry into the relation of our nation's conduct in foreign affairs and the issues on which the survival of Western civilization rests—one begins to understand that its task led far beyond the technical coordination of foreign policy problems. As advisers to a democracy which had just assumed the leadership of a coalition of free nations it had to help chart the main coordinates. To attempt this involved a search for principles of power and a reinvestigation of that tangled field where the chess game of diplomacy intersects with problems of value.

Mr. Halle's reflections on these matters, at the War College and later at the Policy Planning Staff, "where the guns were loaded," have led to a clear formulation of the problem. His book retains the dialectic method by which he and his colleagues struggled with perplexity. He introduces factor after factor, integrates, reevaluates and refines.

The basic premise of his argument is a definition of the national interest, which goes beyond the materialistic formulas of the extreme realists and denies it as a vehicle to our utopians. Our concern in foreign affairs must indeed be to assure our political and physical integrity. But to define the further values we must seek to preserve we have to look beyond conventional formulations of our ideals to their roots which rest in the image of man shared by Western Christian civilization. It is this free man, endowed with an intellect and a will, who stands at the center of the crisis of our age. The great political divisions of our time are, in one sense at least, only reflections of the struggle, which cuts across all boundaries between those who preserve this vision and shape their political institutions in its image and those who see man only in material and deterministic terms.

These are profound issues, which our foreign policy cannot resolve, but which it can materially affect: either by seeking to maintain the conditions of freedom requisite to civilization, on as broad a scale as possible; or by pursuing such insufficient or excessive courses as would invite disaster. In a series of imaginative and well argued chapters Mr. Halle works out the implications of the latter courses, isolation and "preventive war," and finds that they might well lead to our physical destruction, but certainly to the undermining of the conditions prerequisite to civilization. This leaves a middle course, based on an acceptable balance of power, whose purpose is to create the order necessary to stem the expansive, revolutionary tides which underlie the chaos of our century, and which alone can justify the hope that the corner of the crisis can be turned.

If we continue to follow this approach our problems are of course still far from solved. For the maintenance of the balance requires the continuing generation in the West of a sufficient power base and the concerted will, if necessary, to use it. This involves our leadership of our allies, which, to preserve our essential objectives, must rest on substantially greater fractions of consent than on coercion. The heart of Mr. Halle's thesis is that we must always demonstrate sufficient wisdom and restraint to fix our goals at such a point between these two coordinates as to be able to meet our basic security requirements and still maintain the conditions of freedom in the West.

This basic argument is studded with interesting observations on theory and practical problems. Particularly rewarding is Mr. Halle's analysis of land and sea power in relation to authoritarian and constitutional government. One wonders at the changes which air power will introduce into these relationships. Equally interesting are the author's observations on China, whose position may eventually lead to conflicts with the USSR and so bring about a multilateral rather than a bilateral balance. If traditional experience can be trusted this should ease rather than increase our difficulties.

The only important point this reviewer believes might have been added to this analysis involves the "irrational" element in history. Suppose we can maintain the standards of wisdom and restraint which our role requires—a feat which democracies have not always achieved, and which, if we accept the thesis of Walter Lippmann's new book, will require much unaccustomed discipline on our part. It may well be that problems will be posed to us which require such great coercive exertions as to make the

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fine equilibrium necessary to maintaining civilized standards almost impossible. Nor may our allies always have the wisdom which *their* roles require. In short, virtue is not always rewarded with worldly success. Even so, Mr. Halle's is still the only moral course we can pursue: to try to improve on the experience of Athens, to take up the burdens and risks of civilization and to carry them as ably and as far as we can. His statement of this position amply justifies Mr. Acheson's belief that no one who reads this book will say "the struggle naught availeth."

Sanctity

THE MEANING OF HOLINESS. By Louis Lavelle. Pantheon. $2.75.

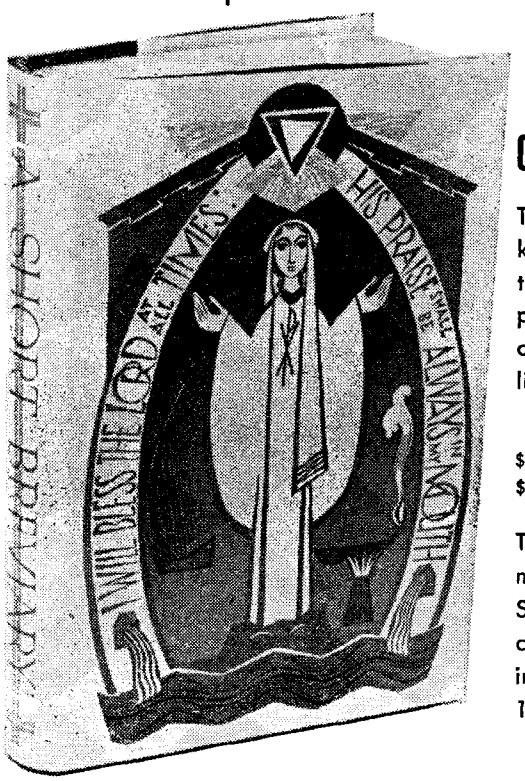
By ALBAN BAER

IN beginning his study of holiness, M. Lavelle remarks that it is only the death of the saint that reveals him to us. While he was alive, his passions concealed the central passion of his life. This passion exercised his powers to their limits; these powers remained his natural powers, but they were directed to a supernatural end. They were exercised in whatever station in life the saint found himself. We are most often struck by holiness when it is observed either at the summit of human greatness or in the lowest state of human wretchedness: but the holiness of the beggar or king is no whit different in kind from that of "the unknown saint with whom we rub shoulders every day."

Not only must we learn to recognize the saints who live beside us, we must also recognize the saint who is within us. We cannot easily do so: first, because we lack the courage to make the continuous effort of love which betokens the saint; and second, because we erroneously imagine that a strong will to overcome obstacles is required, whereas all that is really needed is that no obstacles be put in the way of love. While we are equipped to make judgments of others based on more than mere outward appearance—and can thus recognize sanctity—we all too often see only the surface of reality and are blind to the motives that move the saint. He achieves in his life a harmony of the spiritual and material that is denied us.

"Our lives are beset by the problems of existence: the saint lives among the solutions to these problems." We live on compromise and avert our gaze from reality. The saint not only regards it, he compels us to see it also. He is entirely committed—never concerned about loss or gain—he has achieved a unity which excludes compromise and is unconscious of sacrifice. So little does he think of the ego that he is not obliged even to subdue it. By emptying himself, he has room for the whole world.

The saints are an infinite variety. Their sacred character is not their own but derived from God. There is an inexhaustible capacity in human nature, and in everyone there is a potential saint. It is memory which spiritualizes our existence.



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(This is the most interesting and controversial passage of the whole book and reveals M. Lavelle as primarily the philosopher.) By our memory of the saints we are united to them. This seems at first a difficulty, since it appears to preclude our benefiting from the lesson they have to teach. But it is precisely their advantage and our gain: for in passing beyond temporal existence they can teach us how to transcend the limitations of our present lives.

The saint is neither hero nor sage. The hero imposes his will on nature or dies in the attempt. The sage establishes an alliance with nature. One resists, the other accepts. But the saint acts through nature, spiritualizes it, and becomes one with it. He makes of the world a perpetual miracle since he renders palpable the presence and action of God in it. "Everything, while still retaining its own identity, suddenly displays an essence and significance which otherwise would have eluded us."

Having thus very finely and subtly defined sanctity, M. Lavelle proceeds to study the spiritual life of four different saints; Francis of Assisi, who showed that nature is God's language to us; John of the Cross, who explored the heights of contemplation; Teresa of Avila, who achieved the perfect union between action and contemplation; and Francis de Sales, who tried to demonstrate that "will is inseparable from love." With what he says about them all must agree; but his treatment is conventional and has been matched or surpassed in a half-dozen other books. All in all, this book does not quite satisfy the expectations aroused by its opening chapter.

A Trial

THE SIMPLE TRUTH. By Elizabeth Hardwick. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

By FRANK GETLEIN

MISS Hardwicke's new novel, *The Simple Truth,* is not simple at all, but is composed of two easily distinguishable parts: a potentially amusing short story, here elaborated and repeated beyond any excuse, well beyond any amusement, and a mildly perceptive essay on a certain type of academic hanger-on, the intellectual wastrel with delusions of grandeur, found frequently, as here, in a provincial university.

The occasion for the novel is the murder trial of Rudy Peck, a student at the University of Iowa accused of doing in his clandestine fiancée. The focus is upon two observers of the trial, Joseph Parks, a graduate student, and Anita Mitchell, wife of a chemistry professor. They share a belief, less in Peck's technical innocence than in his lack of ultimate responsibility for the death of Betty Jane Henderson.

Anita's bias is psychology. She sees frightfully complex things as having brought about what the prosecution described as first degree murder. Rudy, for her, is the victim of inner struggles. Killing the girl, he was really killing part of himself. Love and death dance their

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eternal minuet for Anita as she watches the prosaic mechanics of justice grind slowly toward what seems to her inevitable: the self-destruction of Rudy Peck, born fatally early in the development of psychiatry.

Parks, on the other hand, is on a Society spree and sees the trial as the ritual expelling of the scapegoat. Peck is to be killed that we may all live in peace. The dead girl was from a wealthier home than Rudy's and Parks is prepared to weight that heavily in determining the real guilt. Society is the slayer, one way or the other, in the style of Margaret Mead or in that of warmed over, watered down Marx. For both observers the trial becomes overwhelmingly important, a symbolic event charged with meaning. The dénouement is fore-ordained and even if it weren't, Miss Hardwicke telegraphs the blow throughout the book. The whole thing was a simple accident of some mysterious medical kind; the jury believes Rudy's simple tale and lets him off. The two observers are crushed.

As noted, the idea is amusing enough, but much too slight to hold up for novel length. To fill out the required number of pages, Miss Hardwicke writes a continuing essay on academic futility as represented by her two characters in search of a meaning. The pattern of a bit of the trial, a bit of Joseph Parks' sensibilities, a bit of the trial, a bit of Anita Mitchell's psychological ingenuities, gets pretty monotonous after the first couple of rounds. The two characters are established early in the game and nothing significant ever is added to our fundamental knowledge of them. Miss Hardwicke is not really writing about two people but about two types. The old-style Joseph Parks, the eternal student, had usually some kind of financial backing and some kind of sound classical training. He served a purpose, however much he may have seemed Prufrockian, in exhibiting knowledge and love for the humanities to the transients of the groves of Academe. The new-style boy is a waste of time. The type represented by Mrs. Mitchell is not limited to the university, but is prevalent in Suburbia, where she cried constantly for distinction, for "style," for something different from the lot of the herd.

The principal moral lesson to be gained from contemplating these two young adults is the frightful risk of absurdity one runs in not begetting children. Miss Hardwicke seems aware of the aspect of her material, but she doesn't stress it. When she thinks of it, she styles things up by misplacing modifiers, but otherwise her prose is clear, straightforward and readable.

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